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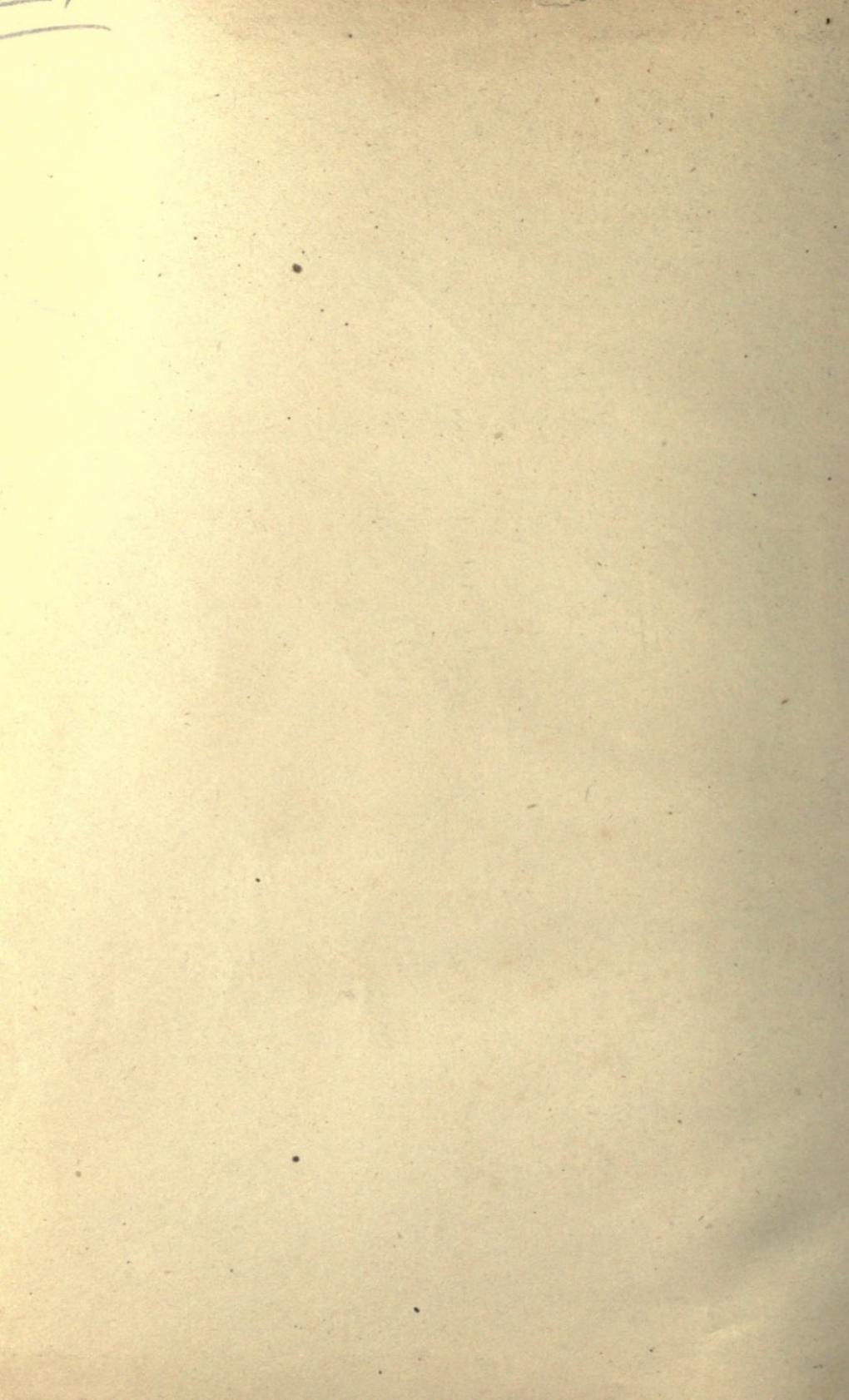
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**THE INDEPENDENCE DAY
ASSOCIATION OF
HARLEM
CELEBRATION, 1886**

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THE INDEPENDENCE DAY
ASSOCIATION OF
HARLEM

CELEBRATION, 1886

It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore.—JOHN ADAMS to his wife, July 3d, 1776.

NEW YORK
The Knickerbocker Press
1887

Press of
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
New York

HISTORY OF PROCEEDINGS.

At a meeting of Alexander Hamilton Post, 182, G. A. R., after return from the parade on Decoration Day, 1885, Comrade Samuel G. Hayter exclaimed : " Why can't we celebrate 4th of July ? " The remark " struck fire," but upon discussion it was deemed too late to make satisfactory arrangements for that year. It was, however, determined that early in 1886 the matter should be brought to the attention of influential and patriotic citizens and their coöperation solicited.

In accordance with this decision the following invitation was issued :

HEADQUARTERS
ALEXANDER HAMILTON POST, No. 182,
DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK, G. A. R.,
Association Hall, 129th Street and Fourth Avenue.

NEW YORK, March 12, 1886.

DEAR SIR :—You are respectfully invited to attend a joint meeting of CITIZENS OF HARLEM and members of this Post, at the Ninth District Court-Room, No.

150 East 125th Street, on Tuesday evening, March 23d inst., at eight o'clock, to take into consideration the matter of a celebration of Independence Day, 1886, in this part of the city.

It is earnestly hoped that you will make a special effort to be present, and that we may show that the patriotic memories and glories associated with the Nation's Birthday have not yet faded out.

Very truly yours,

A. M. UNDERHILL, Commander, } for the
W. C. REDDY, Chr. Post Mem. Com. } Post.

HENRY P. McGOWN.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held, resulting in the determination to make an effort for the purpose of redeeming at least one section of our city from the reproach which the neglect to celebrate our country's birthday was bringing upon our people. The "Independence Day Association of Harlem" was formed, with Capt. A. M. Underhill as President, J. H. Bogart as Secretary, and A. N. Brockway, M. D., as Treasurer. An Executive Committee was organized by the election of Charles W. Dayton as Chairman, Hon. Henry P. McGown as Vice-Chairman, and Capt. William C. Reddy as Secretary. Meetings of the Executive Committee were held in the Ninth District Court-House and

in the Harlem Democratic Club-House, whose members, with hearty unanimity, endorsed the proposition of the Grand Army post, and gave the use of their handsome quarters for meetings of the several sub-committees. A Committee of Management, consisting of the Chairman of the Executive Committee and the Chairmen of the various Sub-Committees, was formed. Spirited work was at once begun, membership increased rapidly, and the call for funds was followed by contributions in such number and amount as showed the full sympathy of the community in the purpose of the Association. Pastors of churches of all denominations, Grand Army posts, political clubs, the Washington Heights Century Club, the Mount Morris Club, and kindred organizations of every variety, benevolent, musical, and other societies,—all zealously joined in the plan. On the evening of June 11th a mass-meeting took place, presided over by Hon. Randolph B. Martine, District Attorney, which was addressed by the Hon. Theodore E. Tomlinson and the Hon. James T. Van Rensselaer.

The Hon. Henry R. Beekman, President of the Department of Public Parks, enrolled him-

self as a member of the Association, and obtained Mount Morris Park and Morningside Park for the special use of the people. The police authorities readily granted permission for the route for the parade. The public press cheered the movement on. The Elevated Railroad companies donated advantageous advertising rates. The Twelfth Ward Bank gave the use of its banking house and the services of its officers and clerks in raising and taking care of the funds of the Association.

The following circular was issued and distributed :

HURRAH FOR FOURTH OF JULY !

Independence Day to be Celebrated in Harlem this Year

AS IN OLD TIMES.

THE HARLEM ASSOCIATION FOR THE CELEBRATION OF
INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1886,

having been formed, the undersigned have been appointed a sub-committee, to be known as the Decoration Committee, whose duty it is to call upon the citizens of Harlem and induce them to appropriately decorate their residences with

FLAGS AND BUNTING,

and to take part in the festivites of the day and evening, to be announced hereafter by the Executive Committee.

It is the intention of the Association to celebrate the day, from early sunrise to the last rocket at night, in the good old-fashioned way we used to do when we were boys. To do this, and to

PAINT THE TOWN RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

with Flags and Bunting on every house in Harlem, from cupola to cellar, the Committee needs the assistance of all and especially those who will volunteer to take charge of the block upon which he resides and endeavor to induce his neighbors to join with him in a general decoration of their houses.

Communication to the Chairman of the Decoration Committee is therefore solicited from all persons who will undertake the management of *his* block, stating the street, between what avenues, whether north or south, east or west side of the block.

T. M. SEAVER,
Chairman of Decoration Committee,
No. 115 West 125th Street.

COMMITTEE.

E. WELLS SACKETT,	E. M. BLOOMER,	T. E. D. POOWER,
DR. JOHN SHRADY,	ALSTON CULVER,	THOS. RICE,
WASHINGTON WINSOR,	A. RASINES,	CHARLES WANIER.
Z. J. HALPIN,	THOS. WRIGHT.	

The sub-committees worked night and day, and issued another circular in red and blue type on white paper.

INDEPENDENCE DAY ASSOCIATION OF
HARLEM.

1776

1886

A. M. UNDERHILL, *President.*HON. H. P. McGOWN, *Vice-President.*J. H. BOGART, *Secretary.*DR. A. N. BROCKWAY, *Treasurer.*

GLORIOUS CELEBRATION OF FOURTH OF JULY !

HARLEM TO THE FRONT !

The Citizens of Harlem, having conceived the idea of a **Grand Celebration** of the coming **Fourth of July**, a meeting of many of the prominent citizens was called, and the unanimous response was, **Go Ahead.**

The above-named Association was thereupon formed, composed of the gentlemen whose names appear annexed ; and the **Committee of Management** now take pleasure in announcing that the following programme for the appropriate observance of the day and evening has been decided upon :

SUNRISE.

Minute Guns at Mount Morris Park to greet the Nation's Birthday.

PARADE.

Early in the forenoon a parade of the Military, Grand Army of the Republic Posts, Knights Templars, and other organizations will be made. Line of march will be published hereafter.

CHILDREN'S PROCESSION.

At the same time a Grand Procession of the Children from all the Schools in Harlem. To be followed by the

FANTASTICS.

A Grotesque Display of Antiques and Horribles in Characteristic Costumes.

FLAG RAISING.

The several processions will march to Mount Morris Park, to witness the raising of the **New Flag** upon the New Flag-Staff, to be erected in Mount Morris Park by the City, when

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"

will be sung by all the Children from the Public Schools, accompanied by the Bands, after which an

ORATION

will be delivered in honor of the event, and the Declaration of Independence read, when the parade will be dismissed and the old

RELICS,

identified with the history of Harlem, be displayed in a tent upon the grounds.

DINNER.

At three o'clock a Grand Dinner will be served, to which the Mayor, Aldermen, and other public officials have been invited, and to which all are cordially asked to be present, at \$3.00 per head.

SUNSET.

With the departing day a National Salute will be fired from the walls of Morningside Park, where the Music Stand will be erected for the

GRAND CONCERT,

which will be given by several of the leading Bands of the City. After which the grandest display of

FIREWORKS

ever presented on this Continent, will be exhibited under the personal supervision of Mr. James Pain of London, who has had charge of the magnificent displays of Fireworks at Coney Island, for several years past. Prominently among the set pieces to be presented are :

The Falls of Niagara, 100 feet long by 50 feet high, pouring a stream of liquid fire over the walls of Morningside Park.

Pain's mammoth 50-inch Bombs, the largest ever fired by any Pyrotechnist in the World.

Colossal Fire Portraits of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant, 80 by 30 feet.

Grand Bouquet of 1,000 Colored Rockets.

The Pleiades or Seven Floating Stars.

The Aurora Borealis.

Silver Cloud, studded with Sapphires.

Three Revolving Suns, cutting a spray of fire 150 feet in circumference.

The Firework Chromotrope.

The Pyrotechnical Harlequinade.

The Flight of Pearl Streamers.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

The Shell of Shells—The Indian Juggler.

Great Shell of Asteroids.

Barnum's Elephant, Alice, will cross and recross the grounds with life-like action of limbs.

The Saxon Cross in five mutations.

The Forest of Fire ; pronounced by the press and public one of the finest pyrotechnical effects ever witnessed.

Batteries of Roman Candles discharging myriads of Fiery Globules.

Ascent of Monster Balloons, with powerful magnesium lights of changeable colors and jewels.

Fountains, with showers of variegated gems.

Finale : Grand Patriotic Piece to be devised by the Committee.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOD BLESS HARLEM.

Several prominent Bands of Music from the City have been engaged for the day and evening.

To carry out the foregoing programme a considerable sum of money will be required, and the Committee look confidently to the patriotic people of Harlem to support them in their efforts. Subscription books are now in the hands of the Executive Committee and a generous amount already subscribed—most of which has come from down-town people, who have little or no interest in Harlem. This is a Harlem matter and of interest to every Harlemiter. Now join hands with the Committee and make it the success it deserves to be. Contributions will be received by the Twelfth Ward Bank, No. 152 East 125th Street, the Treasurer, or any member of the Committee of Management.

CHARLES W. DAYTON,

Chairman of Committee of Management.

W. C. REDDY, Secretary.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT :

A. M. UNDERHILL,	Chairman Finance Committee.
DAVID N. CARVALHO,	Chairman Press Committee.
HON. H. P. McGOWN,	Chairman Committee on Relics.
J. H. BOGART,	Chairman Committee on Fireworks.
WM. PETERKIN,	Chairman Committee on Flag-Staff.
T. M. SEAVER,	Chairman Decoration Committee.
JORDAN L. MOTT,	Chairman Com. on Invitation and Entertainment.
EDWIN F. COREY,	Chairman Committee Public Exercises.
GEORGE A. J. NORMAN,	Chairman Committee on Parade.
D. P. ARNOLD,	Chairman Committee on Artillery.
ED. P. STEERS.	JAMES A. COLVIN.
JAS. M. DEVEAU.	WILLIAM PARSONS.
SAM'L GOODMAN.	DAVID RUTSKY.
JOHN J. QUINN.	DR. A. N. BROCKWAY.
DR. J. H. DEMAREST.	CYRUS O. HUBBELL.
ISAAC E. WRIGHT.	GEO. H. BURFORD.
ASHBEL P. FITCH.	

When the morning of the 5th of July came (the 4th being Sunday) the Association was enabled to prove that there were patriotic hearts and hands ready and willing to preserve and express the memories around which cluster all the thoughts, impulses and aspirations which have made ours the greatest Republic in history.

Promptly at sunrise half past four A.M., on the summit of Mount Morris, there were assembled over 3,000 men and women, and children of the Public Schools, the latter marshalled under the direction of David E. Gaddis, Esq., Principal of Grammar School No. 54, to witness the raising of the large American flag, the gift of the Association. Mr. Beekman, through whose efforts a lofty flag-staff had been erected, was present.

Charles W. Dayton, on behalf of the Association, in presenting the colors, said :

“ Fellow-Citizens,

“ This assemblage at this early hour is an assurance that the American heart—of every creed and race—remains true to the ancient landmarks of liberty. The spot on which we stand was two hundred years ago so wild and unwholesome that even savages avoided it. As early as 1807 it was laid out as a public square, but not until within my recollection has it become one of the ornaments of our growth—considered by many the most attractive of our parks.

“ From this elevation our eyes rest upon Harlem Heights, where the valiant little band of the Continental army fearlessly endeavored to stem the march of England’s hosts.

“ Upon this hilltop—in honor of this day—the Park Commissioners have erected this towering flag-staff, and the Independence Day Association of Harlem presents this flag to the Department of Public Parks.

“ This Association is a spontaneous manifestation by the people of our locality who believe that ‘Fourth of July’ should be rescued from the danger of becoming a tradition,—a

day that should be devoted with zeal and enthusiasm by all the people of our common country to grateful rejoicings,—the like of which there is no other day in all our calendar.

“Most valuable and hearty coöperation have we had from you, Mr. Beekman, and from your confrères in the Department of Public Parks.

“Believe me, your help and generous support are most highly appreciated as a public service in thus aiding to light anew the smouldering fires of patriotism.

“Here and now the brazen throats of cannon, the loud huzza, the song of praise, will tell the whole world that civilization, art, and wealth have not cooled our blood towards the memory of those who created the superlative possibilities under which we live.

“The morning kisses our beautiful emblem, the night departs as the sunburst illumines our banner; birds, trees, and flowers lift their voices and their fragrance to greet the folds of our dear flag, so full of story; these children chant a melody springing from pure hearts, which awakens the almost lost echoes of these hills and vales, as if appealing to our God, that this, the gladdest of all our country’s days,

may ever be the first and dearest to every man, woman, and child, who lives under this, the grandest Republic in the history of mankind.

“ Mr. President, take this flag, not merely as a mark of gratitude from the patriotic citizens of Harlem, but as significant of a determination on the part of the metropolis of the United States of America, that henceforth this day is to be commemorated, not only in thought, but in deeds expressive of great joy for the freedom gained for us by the Fathers of the Revolution.

“ In contemplation of this scene words become lost in ecstacy !

“ *Vincit Amor Patriæ!*

“ The love of my country overcomes.”

Mr. Beekman spoke in response as follows :

“ On behalf of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the City of New York, I accept this flag, which the patriotic citizens of Harlem have presented to grace the summit of Mount Morris.

“ Its stars and stripes are emblems of the birth and progress of our country. The stripes, typical of the thirteen States which first formed the elements of our Union, and the stars ever

increasing with the increase of States as the borders of the far west recede before the advancing tide of civilization.

“It has become dearer to us for the vicissitudes through which it has passed. Thousands have laid down their lives in its defence, and the truer, indissoluble Union which it now typifies has been cemented with their blood. When we gaze upon its bright folds on this festal day, let us hold in grateful remembrance those gallant men, and pay our tribute to those who saved as well as those who founded our Republic.”

Capt. Wm. Peterkin, Chairman of the Committee on Flag and Flag-staff, handed the hal- liards to Mr. Beekman, who proceeded to raise the flag, while the drum corps of Judson Kilpatrick Post, G. A. R., beat a reveille. One thousand schoolboys, under the direction of Miss Atkinson, then sang “The Star-Spangled Banner,” and as the last strain died away, a salute of thirty-eight (one for each State) guns by the First Battery of Artillery, under the command of Captain Louis Wendel, was fired, after which the public-school boys sang “America”; and the gathering dispersed.

At about ten o’clock the parade formed and

marched in the following order, under the command of Colonel George A. J. Norman, Grand Marshal :

HEADQUARTERS,

INDEPENDENCE DAY ASSOCIATION OF HARLEM.

NEW YORK, June 30, 1886.

GENERAL ORDER.

The different organizations taking part in the parade for the celebration of the National Birthday on July 5, 1886, will form in the following order :

FIRST DIVISION.

On East 116th Street, between Third and Lexington Avenues,
right on Lexington Avenue.

Grand Marshal Geo. A. J. Norman and Staff.

SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y.

Colonel E. A. McAlpin.

VETERAN ZOUAVE BATTALION.

Colonel Thomas F. Sheehan.

COLUMBIA GUARD.

Capt. W. F. Kelly.

FIRST BATTERY, N. G. S. N. Y.

Capt. Louis Wendel.

SECOND DIVISION.

On East 116th Street, between Lexington and Fourth Avenues,
right on Lexington Avenue.

Commander G. S. Bevans, Marshal.

Commander W. P. Walton, Commander A. Francisco,
Aides.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON POST, No. 182, G. A. R.

Commander A. M. Underhill.

The Independence Day Association.

SUMNER POST, No. 24, G. A. R.

Commander William Peterkin.

GEORGE G. MEADE POST, No. 38, G. A. R.

Commander Jno. J. McConnell.

FARRAGUT POST, No. 75, G. A. R.

Commander R. S. Heilferty.

OLIVER TILDEN POST, No. 96, G. A. R.

Commander J. Wesley Smith.

WASHINGTON'S PRESIDENTIAL CARRIAGE.

Kindly loaned by Capt. Ben. Richardson. Drawn by six Percheron horses. With suitable escort.

Gen. Abram Dally, Veteran War of 1812, and Veteran Henry Marks.

THIRD DIVISION.

On East 117th Street, between Third and Lexington Avenues,
right on Lexington Avenue.

Commander S. H. Bailey, Marshal.

JUDSON KILPATRICK POST, No. 143, G. A. R.

Senior Vice-Commander McGrann.

VAN HOUTEN POST, No. 3, G. A. R., Jersey City.

VANDERBILT POST, No. 136, G. A. R.

Commander J. D. Terry.

JOHN E. BENDIX POST, No. 402, G. A. R.

Commander J. J. Humphreys.

FRED. HECKER POST, No. 408, G. A. R.

Commander Albert Fest.

PROVISIONAL BATTALION, G. A. R.

FOURTH DIVISION.

On East 117th Street, between Lexington and Fourth Avenues,
right on Lexington Avenue.

Wm. D. May, Marshal.

W. Lee Darling,

William White,

Aides.

HARLEM SCHUETZEN CORPS.

HARLEM TURNVEREIN.

HARLEM MAENNERCHOR.

UNIFORMED BOYS OF HARLEM PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

UNUNIFORMED BOYS OF HARLEM PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

GIRLS OF HARLEM PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Formation will be twelve files front in single rank.

Assembly at 9 A.M., prompt.

Column will move at 9:30 A.M., sharp.

Bands of Music will report to Grand Marshal, and by him assigned to positions in line. This does not refer to post fife-and-drum corps.

Line of March will be up Lexington Avenue to 126th Street, through 126th Street to Fifth Avenue, up Fifth Avenue to 130th Street, through 130th Street to Seventh Avenue, down Seventh Avenue to 123d Street, through 123d Street to New Avenue, up New Avenue to 124th Street, to Fifth Avenue entrance of Mount Morris Park, where Parade will be dismissed.

As it is proposed to move promptly on time, Commanders and Marshals of Division will see that their Commands are ready to march at the hour named.

GEO. A. J. NORMAN,
Grand Marshal.

Shortly after noon, about twenty thousand persons assembled in Mount Morris Park, where a suitable and tastefully decorated platform had been erected, in front of an extensive seating capacity.

Capt. Underhill, President of the Association, called the meeting to order and said :

"Fellow-Citizens :

" In organizing the Independence Day Association of Harlem, we took not into consideration whether the citizens who wished to join with us were white or black, Democrat or Republican, naturalized or native-born ; whether in the by-gone time they had worn the blue or had worn the gray. The only qualification for membership was patriotism ; that one broad country claimed our allegiance ; that one bright, starry banner, the symbol of that country's greatness, claimed our devotion. On that simple platform we harmonized, and resolved that on the anniversary day of our nation's birth, we would lay aside our cares of state, our perplexities of business, and by public exercises, parades, and other appropriate displays, endeavor to implant in the minds and hearts of the rising generation that love of country, and that loyalty to its flag, which will enable them to hand down to their children the great blessing that has come down to us from our fathers—a free, enlightened, and prosperous republic.

" To the more than six hundred patriotic

citizens, who have subscribed an aggregate of more than five thousand dollars to pay the expenses of this celebration, we tender our heartfelt thanks.

“ In the early days of our Association, we received the hearty approval and generous financial aid of one who has since given time, thought, and wise council to our deliberations; in fact, to him, in great measure, is due the successful culmination of our efforts. It is proper that we should honor him, and it is a gratification to us that he further honors us by consenting to preside over these public services. I present to you, therefore, as chairman of this meeting, the Honorable Henry R. Beekman.”

Mr. Beekman said :

“ *Fellow-Citizens of Harlem:*”

“ We are assembled together to-day to celebrate the birthday of a nation.

“ It is a long time to look back—these one hundred and ten years which have gathered themselves together since the Declaration of Independence was made by our forefathers in a strain so lofty, in words so temperate, and in statement so logical and true as to give it rank among the great productions which history

uses as milestones to mark the progress of human liberty.

"It seems strange to us that it should have been necessary to rehearse to the world those natural and inalienable rights of man which are now and so long have been enjoyed by millions of people in the security of their universal acceptance by the civilized world. But although even then it was plain that if the history of the English people in their centuries of warfare against absolutism meant any thing, its meaning could not be more clearly stated than our ancestors penned it, we must remember that "the right divine of kings to govern wrong," as Pope happily phrases it, still retained some of its old-time influence over the minds of men. Its effect upon our ancestors was obvious. Indeed it was only after years of endurance of arbitrary, unjust, and despotic acts on the part of the British government, and after repeated remonstrances had been answered by further acts of oppression, that they ventured to take up arms, and then only under shelter of the legal fiction that they were fighting the king's minister and not the king. The logic of events soon swept away this last shred of superstition, and gave birth to that coura-

geous act which has established for all time the principle, that those who rule over the people are the servants of the people—not their masters.

“Out of that act undertaken amid doubts and dangers, and made good by the unselfish devotion of our ancestors against odds that seemed insurmountable, has come this goodly heritage which we now enjoy.

“The government they founded has proved its claim to stability by the crucial test of civil war, and as a successful demonstration of the capacity of a people for self-government, has exercised, and still continues to exercise, a potent influence upon the rest of the world in the enlargement of personal freedom.

“While the revolutionary struggle has thus become an important element in the history of all nations, to us belongs by right of inheritance the honor and glory which envelops it. It is proper and seemly that with each recurring anniversary, we should recall the brave acts and loyal devotion to principle of our forefathers, to whom we owe this broad land teeming with millions of inhabitants, rich in resources undergoing speedy development, and under a government strong, stable, and free.

"To you, fellow-citizens of Harlem, is due the credit of reviving this time-honored custom with all of old-time and due observance. It is also especially appropriate that the celebration should be held on this spot, so full of patriotic associations. These hills, now so peaceful, a century ago rang with the rude clamor of contending armies in the great contest we are now commemorating, while to our left, but a short distance away, rests in his last sleep the great captain under whose gallant leadership the armies of the Union achieved their victories. Mingled with our thoughts of the early struggles of the Republic, irresistibly arise recollections of those days of darkness and trial, within the memory of so many of us, when the call came to the people to rise in defence of the government which their fathers had founded. The response which poured into the battle-field the flower of our youth and manhood, bore witness to the fact that the spirit of seventy-six still lived among us, as stern in purpose, as indomitable in endurance, as full of self-renunciation, as when our ancestors pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to the cause of liberty and self-government. It is our pride to have associated with us, as ac-

tive participants in these ceremonies, gallant comrades of that Grand Army of the Republic, which, though no longer militant, still exists to perpetuate the memories of great achievements, and to keep alive the patriotism without which national life can have no vitality. May the day be far distant when the due commemoration of our national anniversary shall be considered any less than one of the most sacred duties of true citizenship."

Then followed music by the 71st Regiment Band, singing by two thousand boys and girls, under the direction of Miss Atkinson.

The Reverend Samuel H. Virgin, D.D., invoked the divine blessing. (See Appendix.)

As this prayer ended, the Harlem Maennerchor rendered some exquisite music, which was followed by a reading of the Declaration of Independence by the Honorable Joseph Koch.

Jerome Buck, the orator of the day, on being introduced, said :

"*Mr. Chairman, Fellow-Citizens :*

"It would be a strange, a sad, and a shameful neglect if we, living here in Harlem, upon these historic plains, consecrated by crimsoned baptism to early and successful achievements of liberty, should at *all* times fail to celebrate

with becoming ceremonies the inspiring cause that has forever embalmed, in our nation's history, the spot upon which we stand ;—we, who live here, surrounded by thronging memories of the noblest endeavors, among immortal traditions, most heroic in our nation's heroic story. Shall they, like the sweet songs of Orpheus, that moved the very stones, fade from grateful memory and pass into a doubtful tale ; or shall our yielding hearts thrill in reciprocal response, as the stirring epic is told, inspiring loftier action, wiser resolutions, a solemn dedication to higher civic virtues, as the hallowed genius of this place recounts the precious and priceless deeds enacted here on the grassy plains and eternal hills of old Harlem.

“ That consummate statesman and accomplished orator, Edmund Burke, said with oracular force, that those who did not fitly commemorate the brave and good deeds of their ancestors were never likely to do any thing in their day and generation worthy of record or remembrance, and that we may save ourselves from the deserved rebuke and throw off the listless torpor that has shamefully taken possession of us, *awake* to the brave deeds of our ancestors, and assemble, as we do this glorious

morn, to celebrate *that* anniversary which made the united colonies of America *free and independent* States in the *family* of nations. We meet not only to listen again to the defiant declaration of the immortal signers, and give our testimony to the vitality of the principles set forth in that inimitable paper, so impressively read by our friend, Judge Koch—that declaration which Buckle said should be hung up in the nursery of every king, and blazoned on the porch of every royal palace; but also to congratulate ourselves upon the success of that struggle, and indulge in a pardonable exultation in the vastness of the result and the grandeur of the prospect before us; but not, however, as a convenient outlet to the effervescent exuberance of national vanity.

“To fully recount the sanguinary but glorious spectacle enacted here one hundred and ten years ago, would be an imputation alike on your patriotism, gratitude, and duty; yet to briefly recall but a glimpse of the thrilling and gratifying spectacle, is due the occasion and your sympathetic presence. You will remember, after the overwhelming defeat on Long Island, the blackest and most menacing cloud settled upon our heroes, whether in the field

or in council. This bitter calamity and untoward action paralyzed the very hearts and hopes of the colonies. It was then that Washington, by the most extraordinary exercise of his masterful genius, which elicited the warm plaudits of that greatest of generals, Frederick the Great, through the inky gloom and fog of an August night, withdrew his torn and desponding battalions from before an exultant enemy flushed with victory, and, with a wide and deep river in his rear, safely conducted them, not without the greatest hazard, to the upper end of Manhattan Island. And here was he threatened with the utmost peril, for the enemy, having left Long Island, moved toward the heights of Harlem, intending to divide the gathering divisions of our army. And then, too, as if this menacing disaster was not enough, Washington had to encounter the most trying emergency of the war. For here, hard by, at Kipp's Bay, did two brigades of Connecticut troops take to their heels in the most ignominious scamper, in the presence of threescore of redcoats, wringing from the very depths of Washington's soul the agonized cry: "Are these the men with whom I am to defend America?" Happily for us, the English did not seize the

heights, but went on their way along the East River back to the city. Here, entrenched behind these sacred hills and behind the numerous fortifications thrown up everywhere about us by his toiling soldiers, so that with every footfall we press holy ground ; with one wing on the left and the other on the right by McGown's pass, a name nobly borne by one of our most patriotic and valued citizens, Judge McGown ; with his headquarters alternately at Mott Tavern, 143d Street and Eighth Avenue, and the Morris House at 169th Street, Washington anxiously awaited the movements of the vigilant enemy. And it was now that he wrote the prediction so gloriously verified — “that if the enemy will attack, he will be defeated, if our men will act as if they were worthy the blessings of freedom.” And the enemy did attack, and well our men showed that they were worthy freedom’s immeasurable blessings. It was at this time, near this *mons sacra*, that Washington first met that young and splendid genius, Alexander Hamilton, who did so much to shape and establish the wonderful Constitution of our country, and whose marvellous talents are forever embalmed in the eloquent and polished periods of Daniel Webster

And here came, too, that broad, intellectual-browed young graduate, fresh from the classic halls of old Yale, his cheeks still pale from midnight study, and perhaps on whose sad face was already forecast the doom of martyrdom he so devotedly took upon himself for his country—*Capt. Nathan Hale*. You know too well the sad, sad story : his prompt acceptance of the ignominious place of spy, from which all others shrank in trembling dread ; his entry into the British lines, his capture, his disgraceful and brutal execution—but his sublime apotheosis from the solemn consecration on the altar of his country's liberty. Ah ! I say shame upon us, that some lasting and richly deserved memorial in brass or marble does not salute us in this park this happy anniversary, commemorating his too short but blameless life, his cheerful sacrifice, and heroic death ! Had he lived in early Greece and marched with its phalanx, he would have been made a demigod; in Rome and of its legions, he would have survived in its Pantheon; in England his sacred dust would have been tenderly cherished beneath the holy fanes of Westminister Abbey ; but in the United States of America the precious fame of this sublime hero has been

left to wanton, wicked neglect and studied oblivion.

"It was on the morning of the 16th of September, 1776, that a detachment of the enemy attacked the most advanced post and there poured down this very hill the little detachment that had thrown up a fortification there, to join the gallant contestants. It was bravely defended by the intrepid Colonel Knowlton, who determined *that day* to brighten the besmirched valor of his Connecticut troops; and well he did it. Then Washington let loose the swift and fiery Leitch of Virginia, who struck the enemy on the flank. He winced and suddenly reeled; the blow was pressed and repeated. The two raging heroes struck on either side, and the flashes of their guns formed a ring of fire around their helpless adversaries, and their ranks were broken and in confused disorder and straggling retreat, cowed and whipped, they were sent whirling back to the city. The sombre cloud of Long Island lifted, and there was the blue of heaven and sunlight and hope beyond, and Harlem became the synonym of joy and victory. But what should check this pæan of joy, this sunburst of hope? why these tears and heart-breaks?

“ Alas ! the sturdy Roundhead of Connecticut and the gallant Cavalier of Virginia went down to gory death together in the valorous defence of Harlem heights. Asked the dying Knowlton, “ Did I drive the enemy ? ” and being assured that he did, closed his eyes in contented rest. Leitch passed away soothed by the sweet encomiums of Washington ; and here on this hallowed ground, with the light of victory on their dead faces, did these young heroes of the North and South go hand in hand together to that immortal dawn beyond the stars. And you, sirs, citizens of Harlem, tell me what you have done in grateful recognition of the shining valor of these almost matchless heroes, who died that you might live in the celestial light of civil and religious liberty ? Tell me, you who live here on this holy ground, within view of these everlasting hills, living witnesses of their martial prowess, what you have done to perpetuate these lofty virtues—above all Greek, all Roman fame ? You wealthy, patriotic men of Harlem, where is the mural tribute or bronzed monument to mark the consecrated spot where these young heroes poured out their priceless blood, that liberty might be our precious heritage forever ? Deified spirits of

Hale and Knowlton and Leitch, turn with averted eyes from our shameful neglect and pitiable ingratitude ; still bear with saintly patience our leaden torpor and Lethean sense of duty ! Forget, forgive thy degenerate sons, though for us thy sacred wounds will not be the furrows in which may ever grow the laurels of victory ! Forget, forgive, you who so gloriously died, leaving so fragrant a memory like the breath of summer, full of gladness and sunshine, and yet of sorrows and of showers, a grief and a blessing in the universal atmosphere !

“ See to it, citizens of Harlem, that before the observance of our next natal day the bright sun weaves his golden beams into an auriole about the sculptured brows of that unparalleled trinity of heroes—Hale, Knowlton, and Leitch.

“ Remember, of precious blood like this sprang the nation. Knowlton dreamed not of the giant hills and streams of Connecticut as he gave up his young life, nor did Leitch of the mountain passes and verdured valleys of old Virginia. It was no longer Connecticut, or Virginia, or Carolina, or Massachusetts ; it was to be and is the United States of Ameri-

ca. It was baptized at Lexington, strengthened on Harlem heights, hardened in the tempests and snows of Valley Forge, confirmed at Vicksburg and Gettysburg, and immortalized under the apple-trees of Appomattox, and Richmond caught up the undying echoes and thundered them back in everlasting amens—the past and present swelling the diapason of a never-ending and indivisible Union.

‘Who can estimate the blessings the undying heroes of both wars conferred—that which attained and that which sustained Liberty and Union forever? Asks the eloquent Bishop Doane—‘Can they count the stars? Can they register the pulses of the ocean that lash the bold shores of freedom? Will they sound the blue depths of the empyrean?’ The invaluable can no more be calculated than the infinite be measured. We are one people: we are all Americans; there is one country for us all, one glorious baldric blazoned with the stars and stripes, one monarch eagle, one broad and blessed and perpetual Union,—a union of our homes and of our hearts, indomitable, impregnable, imperishable. By the holy memories of the brave days of old, by the more tender

recollections of the present, by the graves of your comrades—of the Grand Army of the Republic, that you surviving heroes so richly embroidered, but a month ago, with the earliest and sweetest flowers of spring,—let us cherish as our choicest possession the principles of that free and happy Constitution under which, by the blessings of God, and your father's and brother's sufferings, it is our lot to live. They have been tried in the storm and in the calm, and have borne us bravely through both ; they have brought down victory to your banner and raised you to the height of honor, the pattern and rallying-point of the world. The question is definitely settled that we can never permit local interest or private prejudice or selfish consideration or emolument or aggrandizement, to come between our hearts and burst the bond which holy hands, with many a tear and prayer, have knit, and rend that glorious Union which they cemented and made sacred with their blood. No ! let the traitor perish in hot blood, whatever his name, wherever his home, who dares with sacrilegious hand to separate what God has joined together ; who dares to touch, with purpose of dismemberment, one sacred stone of the old Cyclopean

arch, conceived by giant hearts and piled by giant hands, of our incomparable and imperishable Union. The country of the Union, the country of the Constitution, the country of the Stars and Stripes—that is our country ; we go for it one, we go for it all, one and indivisible ; and I 'd sooner tear my quivering heart-strings from their very core, than see one Pleiad lost from that all-glorious constellation.

" Yet we must temper our proud exultation to-day, for two grave questions crowd forward that may well excite the serious apprehension of the patriot and publicist. One is the present inimical relations of capital and labor, and the other the festering corruption in our municipal government. I feel that I would be unworthy the high and cherished honor you have done me in placing me upon this rostrum, if I did not call your sober and undivided attention to the impending dangers threatening our governmental, commercial, and social fabric. The differences of labor and capital will require the exercise of the utmost sagacity and prudence to adjust. Perhaps the unfortunate differences between employer and employé may be settled, as has been suggested, by regularly organized tribunals with absolute power to enforce their

decrees. Public opinion would sympathize with and uphold these adjudications, and they would have all the force and sanctity of judicial determination. But for the laboring man to resist the law and invade the rights guaranteed to property, would be the most fatuous of blunders, if not of crimes, and would stubbornly antagonize conservative and righteous public opinion, as well as merit the penalties of violated law. On the other side, capital should be open-handed, tolerant, and just. It is after all but the tangible result of labor, and should be as free in its fair and proper distribution and compensation, as it was earnest and industrious in its accumulation. The present danger is happily diminished by the indignant repudiation of the American laborer of all foreign and pernicious methods of coercive adjustment. He does not tolerate desolating anarchism, or that maniacal heresy, devastating socialism. His vote has greater force than the destructive dynamite, and the soft blaze on the hearthstone at home, that dances on the faces of wife and children, has more comfort and hope than the lurid torch of the incendiary, or the flash of the assassin's dagger. Legislatures should be more circumspect and exercise a far

more rigid scrutiny in the granting of opulent, and what may become oppressive franchises. Vast accumulation of wealth becomes dangerous and insidious to the fullest enjoyment of human rights, and can easily be turned to the infliction of the most galling tyranny. Wealth seeks wealth, and starting like the sharp point of an inverted cone, it goes on absorbing and adding to itself until it grows beyond measurement. Let the mutual and dependent interests of labor and capital go hand in hand to such peaceful tribunals as the highest sagacity and purest conservatism can create, and submit to and abide by and in harmonious obedience to the decree promulgated.

“I need only detain you with a word about our vast and marvellous prosperity which has perhaps become to us a snare. It has been wisely said on an occasion like this, by the eminent publicist and lawyer of Philadelphia, George W. Biddle : We may well be blinded by self-love in the contemplation of our stupendous and material progress into shortcomings in moral and political excellence. The appalling vice of corruption stalks unblushingly through the land. Our municipal corporations have become by-words of venality ; party intrigues

and party rancor encourage it, and are in turns aggravated by it. The public treasury becomes the great object of attraction, and others in places of private trust become contaminated, and gigantic frauds derange and prostrate our whole commercial machinery. We are given too much to the acquisition of wealth, which seems to crowd out better and purer aspirations, and it results in the citizen's neglect of his grandest duty. If a man's eye is only fixed on the needful, he may and will infallibly neglect the institutions which have helped him to what he is ; if all absorbed he shall find them not only no longer what they once were, but the mere hollow shell of a former reality. The citizens of a free country have something to do beyond the mere annual deposit of a vote at the polling place. The price of all we have is not to be paid by the expenditure of about three minutes of time in one of the 365 days of the year. Unless we compare, think, discuss, contrast, all of which go to make up the apparent final act in the selection of a public man to carry out a public measure (and all this requires time), the privilege accorded to us, to make the choice at last, had better be withheld and kept in the hands

of those who will certainly give the time to its exercise, and will exercise it to their own advantage. How does the large body of intelligent men act around us in these respects? Is it the discharge by them of a great political duty, to which they give the proper time and thought, or is it, if discharged at all, the most perfunctory act, not half so important in their eyes, certainly not taking half the time of having their boots blacked or adjusting a necktie, and yet the results may be, nay always are, vital to the prosperity, the happiness, perhaps the stability of the country, and surely have brought about many instances of waste, plunder of public money, bribery, and the demoralization that has met us within the past year.

“I cannot forbear, fellow-citizens, in this connection to acknowledge the debt of obligation we owe the press of this city for its fearless exposures of corruption and fraud. Its intrepid vigilance, untiring industry in ferreting out corruption in high place, seeking it in departments and bureaux, penetrating the darkness and dragging to light fraud, imbecility, and incompetency, guarantees to the citizen a pure, wholesome, and economical government. The people as a whole are uncorrupted, and when

they bestir themselves and march on to execution of high resolves, in vain shall the attempt be made to stop them in their progress. Let us resolve that this beautiful Harlem with its cherished recollections, and now also the custodian of the sacred ashes of Grant, shall keep pace in moral excellence and political virtue with its material prosperity.

“Indulge me with one word more upon a subject suggested to me, and my task is done. Let these national anniversaries become more hallowed as being days of forgiveness and kindness to those who have so deeply injured our beloved country and ourselves. I glory in the kindly courtesies that you intrepid soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic are interchanging with your brothers of the South to-day. To use the glowing language of the eloquent prelate already mentioned, we must remember that we have common duties to perform, a common trust for humankind to execute, a common source from which our hearts fill their cisterns with the same red blood; a common language which our mothers' voices first made familiar to our ears in lullabies, in which we wooed and won our wives, in which our children lisped and prattled nature's love-

liest melodies to all our hearts ; a common stock of learning and of letters. Not that your heroic efforts and acts, nor those of your associates, should be forgotten ; not that your trials and struggles and sacrifices will ever cease to be our boast ; not that the thrilling memories of the Peninsula, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Richmond, and the march to the sea shall ever grow pale ; but things that are done are finished ; by-gones should be by-gones ; a fight fought through is done ; for a brave man, says Cowper, bears no malice, but forgets in peace the injuries of war.

“ The only justifiable end of war is peace — life was made for love — America must be the fugleman of freedom, the standard-bearer of free government. The great gift of God is peace. The angels sang it when they brought from heaven the welcome message of a Saviour born—‘ Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace.’ Peace is a sacred thing ; it is the halcyon weather of the heart, where all the virtues brood and all the charities are teeming with a warmer and more genial life. ‘ It is heard in the song of the reaper and in the tinkling of the shepherd’s bell.’

“ The Sabbath morning of creation was not

serener in its solemn hush, nor Plato's loveliest dream, the music of the spheres, more exquisite in its harmony; and thank God, says Dr. Chapin in one of his eloquent bursts, its holy presence is about us to-day, from the great lakes to the heaving gulf—from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast. Our eagles' screams are heard from crag to crag, from the lone cliffs of Charlotte's Island to the hoarse waters of Cape Sable. From the cove where the Nantucket fisherman spreads his pennon to the wind, travel southward more than sixty of the degrees that check his radiant path with imaginary lines still beaming upon our country, and the rest and stillness of the starry night broods over our quiet dwellings, when the tired emigrant lays down his axe as the purple day fades from the pathless woods.

“O, God, look down upon the land which thou hast loved so well,
And grant that in unbroken truth her children still may dwell,
Nor while the grass grows on the hill and streams flow through the vale,
Shall they forget their fathers' faith, nor in their covenants fail.
God keep the fairest, noblest land, that lies beneath the sun,
Our country, our whole country, and our country every one.”

“And finally, fellow-citizens, do you remember that disastrous siege in India, and the famishing and dismayed garrison of Lucknow, awaiting and praying for succor and help, and striving with gaunt hunger on the one side, and the fierce menaces and attacks of the bloody and relentless Sepoys on the other, and amidst the ghastly and the weird despair that surrounded them, the poor Scotch girl, rising from her fevered pallet in the hospital, and with streaming hair and distended eyes, and with hands to her ear, rushing wildly to the battlements and shrieking in thrilling tones to the sick and weary soldiers : ‘They are coming. I hear the slogan of the Macgregor. Do ye nay hear it, men ?’ And they wearily answered in hopeless despair and helpless sympathy : ‘Poor girl, Jessie, Jessie Brown, this is delirium, the wild frolic of fever. None can succor us but God. No help is left ; let us die like men.’ And she quickly turned with eager eye and heaving bosom, with her lips wreathed in impatient smiles and cried in thrilling tones : ‘Are ye deaf, men ; do ye nay hear it ? There ! there ! hear ! hear ! I hear it again ; it is afar off. The Campbells—the Campbells are coming.’” And in an hour the

joyous and triumphant bag-pipes burst upon their expectant ears, and the banner of old England floated safely over their heads. So I hear now in the distance the glad notes of the coming jubilee, rising from the gasping hearts of millions. Soon will you see a still higher, purer civilization at the gates of the new citadel, and the stars and stripes floating proudly, its blessed folds guaranteeing peace and union and liberty ever and forever!"

When Mr. Buck had concluded, the people present joined in singing the doxology, and these excrcises closed.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, a banquet was served at Brady's Hall, West 125th Street, at which about three hundred persons were present. Hon. Jordan L. Mott presided, and Mr. T. E. D. Power acted as master of ceremonies. Patriotic toasts were responded to by Hon. Randolph B. Martine, District Attorney, Judge Henry P. McGown, Capt. A. M. Underhill, Charles W. Dayton, Hon. Robt. B. Nooney, Hon. Jas. T. Van Rennselaer, and T. M. Seaver. One of the most interesting and entertaining features of the occasion was a speech by General Abram Dally, a veteran of the war of 1812, dressed in Continental uni-

form, who, being again called upon, sang the song, "When this old hat was new," so vigorously and lustily as to justify the hope and belief that the General would live to celebrate many other like days.

Venerable Captain Ben. Richardson, who had loaned Washington's carriage for the parade also spoke and made the walls ring with the fervor of his patriotism.

An organization representing the 17th N. Y. Veteran Volunteers, the first veteran organization in the United States service, was encamped during the day, on the east lawn of Mount Morris Park. The following are the names of its officers :

- T. F. Shehan, Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding.
- J. van Deursen, Major.
- Edward R. Duffy, M. D., Surgeon.
- F. W. Ritschy, Quartermaster.
- P. Schaller, Adjutant.
- F. L. Schaefer, Captain.
- John Miller, Captain.
- G. W. Martin, 1st Lieutenant.
- John Crimmins, 1st Lieutenant.
- Wm. Fox, 2d Lieutenant.
- Jos. Hatch, 2d Lieutenant.
- R. B. Moss, Brigadier-General and Chief of Honorary Staff.

At sunset a national salute was fired from the walls of Morningside Park, where a grand instrumental concert was given, and at eight o'clock a superb display of fireworks took place, attended by many thousands of people from New York and surrounding cities, of which the following is a synopsis :

SIGNAL MAROON, exploding at a great altitude with tremendous report.

ILLUMINATION OF THE GROUNDS, with six Carmine, Emerald, and Diamond Lights, which will repeatedly change color, finally blending and giving a charming effect.

ASCENT OF A MONSTER BALLOON, with very powerful Magnesium Light of changeable colors.

BATTERIES OF ROMAN CANDLES, discharging in every direction myriads of Fiery Globules of every hue.

THE FOREST OF FIRE, pronounced by the press and public one of the finest Pyrotechnical effects ever witnessed.

FLIGHT OF ROCKETS.—Subject, combination of colors.

DISPLAY OF PAIN'S 2 LB. CONGREVE ROCKET, admitted to be the largest and by far the best Rocket fired.

DEVICE—THE SAXON CROSS, in five mutations.

DISPLAY OF SHELLS, 24 inches circumference, comprising Brilliant Serpents, Purple and Amber, Aërial Wheat Sheaves, Pansies and Primroses, Variegated Bouquet, Liquid Gems, Green and White, Silver Serpents, Olive Green.

SHELL FORMING A WHEAT SHEAF.

NEW ROCKETS, The Transit of Venus, exceedingly beautiful.

DEVICE—BARNUM'S LATEST IMPORTATION, “ALICE,” will cross and recross the grounds with life-like action of limbs, causing roars of laughter.

VOLLEY OF SHELLS, drooping stars.

GREAT SHELL OF ASTEROIDS.

DISCHARGE OF CRACKER MINES AND FIERY WHIRLWINDS.

PAIN'S NEWLY INVENTED SEXTUPLUS ROCKETS (1884 novelty)—Each rocket, on attaining its altitude, discharges five other perfect rockets. A new departure in pyrotechnics.

MAGNESIUM SHELLS of intense brilliancy.

THE SHELL OF SHELLS—Indian Jugglery.

DEVICE—THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

THE PLEIADES or Seven Floating Stars thrown from each rocket.

LARGE SHELL, forming the Aurora Borealis.

PAIN'S AËRIAL WONDERS.

CELESTIAL STARS in Rayonet Fires, Marooned.

DISPLAY OF ROCKETS. Introducing Variegated Gems, Silver Rain, Meteors, Serpents, Bright Stars, Golden Cloud, Peacock's Plumes.

BOUQUET OF LABURNUM BLOSSOM. 1 Shell, produced by a shell thirty inches in circumference.

DEVICE—GIRANDOLE WHEELS, discharging Rockets, Roman Candles, Fanfaronades, etc.

DISPLAY OF CONGREVE ROCKETS, with Peacock Plumes.

SILVER CLOUD, studded with Sapphires.

DEVICE—THREE REVOLVING SUNS. Cutting a Spray of Fire 150 feet in circumference.

ASCENT OF ILLUMINATED TOURBILLIONS.

METEORIC ROCKETS, with Silver and Golden Rain.

DISPLAY OF SHELLS (30 inches in circumference),

comprising Pearl Streamers, Golden Pink, Carmine and Emerald, Mauve and Amber, Blue and Yellow, Puce and Silver, Red and Green, Light Blue and Green, Blue and Silver, Chocolate and Pink.

EXPLOSION OF SINBAD'S JEWEL CAVE.

FIERY WHIRLWINDS.

DEVICE—THE FIREWORK CHROMOTROPE.

FLIGHT OF ROCKETS, Laburnum Blossom.

PAIN'S FIERY WAGGLERS (1884 novelty).

THE PYROTECHNICAL HARLEQUINADE.

FLIGHT OF PEARL STREAMERS.

SIMULTANEOUS VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS.

PAIN'S MAMMOTH SPREADERS.

DISPLAY OF ROCKETS with Brilliant Stars.

JEWEL CLOUD.

DISPLAY OF SHELLS, 36 inches circumference.

DEVICE—THE FALLS OF NIAGARA, size 100 x 50 feet.

DISPLAY OF SHELLS, 30 inches circumference.

SALVO OF RAYONET TOURBILLIONS.

DISPLAY OF PAIN'S MAMMOTH 50 INCH Bombs, by far the largest shells ever fired by any Pyrotechnist in the World.

FINAL DEVICE consisting of Colossal Fine Portraits of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant, with appropriate motto ; the whole surrounded with a glory of Brilliant Fires, 80 x 30 feet.

GRAND BOUQUET OF 1,000 LARGE Colored Rockets.

DEVICE—GOOD-NIGHT. “GOD BLESS HARLEM !”

The success of the day, from dawn until the last rocket had exploded, was applauded and conceded, not only by our neighbors, but throughout the municipality, and it is gratifying to note that from many parts of the United States came messages congratulating the people of Harlem upon the accomplishment of the commemorative display they had inaugurated.

The list of more than six hundred contributors hereto appended, and the report of the Treasurer, showing the total collections to have been \$5,377.75, total expenditures, \$3,729.13, leaving a balance in his hands of \$1,648.62, are an assurance that the old-time Fourth of July is not a thing of the past, but should and can be perpetuated.

In presenting this chronicle, the Independence Day Association of Harlem confidently assumes that the example set in 1886 will bear such fruit as that hereafter with us, with our children, and with their posterity, no year shall pass while we remain a free country, that shall not see this greatest, and dearest, and best of all our national days, celebrated joyously and with fiery ardor, just as it was on that Fourth of July, 1776, when the old Liberty Bell clanged

its announcement to the world that these were free and independent States.

Published by order of the Association.

JAMES H. BOGART,
Secretary.

New York, April 25, 1887.

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Fiston & Deery	John Guiran
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F. R. Houghton	W. H. Kuhn.
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Delos Reynolds	A. E. Scott
C. C. Repper	M. Sullivan
Wm. Rhodes	Eug. Sweeny
Jas. Riley	H. Sturcke

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P. S. Sullivan	Geo. W. Thompson
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H. Wilson	C. Wanier
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A. B. Wood	W. W. White
Washington Heights Century Club	Chas. Welde
H. A. Woodruff	J. Washburn
M. S. Wise	Chas. A. Yost
S. L. H. Ward	D. G. Yuengling
	H. Zabinski
	A. Zuracaldy

APPENDIX.

PILGRIM CHURCH OF NEW YORK,
Madison Ave., Cor. 121st St.,
REV. SAMUEL H. VIRGIN, D.D., PASTOR.

RESIDENCE 16 EAST 125TH ST.

NEW YORK, March 23, 1887.

CHAS. W. DAYTON, Esq. :

MY DEAR SIR.—The Good Book tells us that in heaven are “golden vials full of odors which are the prayers of saints.” It would be necessary for me to obtain access to those heavenly receptacles to recover the text of the prayer offered last Fourth of July. It is next to impossible for me to recall enough of a sermon or address, after its delivery, for publication, but a prayer, like the odors of last summer’s flowers, would be among the things impossible to recover. I am sorry, for I should like to help you in making your record complete.

Very cordially yours,

SAMUEL H. VIRGIN.



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